Pratap the Great Book Series No. 1

PRATAP THE GREAT

BY

H. S. MORDIA

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Advocate, Municipal Commissioner,
Honorary Magistrate etc.

FOREWORD

BY

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and Dean of the Faculty of Arts,
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ALLAHABAD.

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1937.

Price Rs. 2/8/-.

Bhupal the Generous

Dedicated

With Gracious permission

to

His Highness, Hindu Suraj, Maharajadhiraj,

Maharana,

Shree Sir Bhupal Singhji Bahadur,

G C.S.I., K.C.I.E.,

of

Udaipur State,

(Rajputana.)

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FOREWORD.

The history of Mewar and its great hero, Pratap, deserve to be told. It is fit and proper that it should be told by a son of Mewar. Who that has read the story of Indian leaders can escape the fascination of one of the greatest of them ? Bold, enterprising, courageous to the point of recklessness, resourceful, Rana Pratap, is a character that will never cease to inspire all that are young and generous and spirited. Mr. Mordia has taken great pains to make his book interesting and accurate. He has a facile style and I have no doubt that his work will be warmly welcomed.

Udaipur,
Sept. 30th 1936.

Amarnath Jha.

Message from the Hon'ble The A. G. G.

The Residency,
Ajmer.
10th December 1936.

I have read with the greatest interest Mr. H. S. Mordia's poem in honour of Rana Pratap, the hero par excellence of Hindu India.

I fully share the admiration expressed in such exquisite language by Colonel Jàmes Tod for this great man. My two and a half years' residence in Mewar has imbued in me an abiding affection for that ancient State and its rulers and people, and I shall never forget the day which I spent in the cave in the Aravalli Hills where for some time Rana Pratap lived as a dauntless fugitive in his great fight for freedom.

G. D. OGILVIE, K. C. I. E., C. S. I., I. A.,
Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana.

Message from the Resident in Mewar.

Mewar Residency,
Udaipur,
Rajputana.

Mr. Mordia's poem in honour of Rana Pratap and the copies of old pictures with which his book is illustrated have given me great pleasure.

I can not improve on Sir George Ogilvie's message but can only add that I feel myself greatly privileged at having two years' personal experience of Mewar, its beauties and its delightful world atmosphere. With this experience I can share with Sir George an abiding affection for this ancient State, its rulers and its people and share with all their admiration for that redoubtable man Rana Pratap whose head never was bent even at the time of most dire tribulation.

G. L. BETHAM LT. COLONEL,
Resident in Mewar & Political Agent,
Udaipur, Southern Rajputana States.
Jan. 15th, 1937.

Message from His Highness the Maharawal of Dungarpur.

Udai Bilas Palace,
Dungarpur,
the 15th April, 1937.

Of all the peoples of the world the Indians yield to none in their ardour for hero worship and for patriots of the class to which Maharana Pratap belongs their admiration and devotion rank very high. You have rendered a distinct service to the country by recounting the exploits of her Great Son. The mental pictures which the very mention of the name of Mewar conjures up and the inspiration which the name of Maharana Pratap breathes guarantee a warm welcome to your book and success to your efforts.

LAKSHMAN SINGH,
Maharawal
of
Dungarpur State.

Message from His Highness the Maharaj Rana of Jhalawar.

Prithvi Vilas,
Brijnagar.

There seems nothing to add to the opinions expressed by the many eminent people at the end of the work. The lines seem instinct with folk-lore-knowledge expressed in spiritual and literary style and the appeal to the highest in us all is rarefied. Its imaginitive force is unquestionable.

Rajendra Singh
Maharajrana of Jhalawar.

Let the poet present his poem.

Our tokens of love
Are for the most part
Barbarous, cold and lifeless;
Because they do not
Represent our life;
The only gift,
Is the portion of thyself.
Therefore let the farmer
Give his corn;
The miner a gem;
The sailor coral and shells;
The painter his picture;
And the poet his poem.

—*Emerson*

PREFACE.

Readers! gentle readers!! here is the heart pourin[g] in black and white I am not a poet, nay, not eve[n] an echo of it. The Divine within me has dictated al[l] this It is merely a production of inspiration. Her[e] nothing is mine. This lovely flower is before you Readers! gentle readers!! love it if you like or reject i[t] if you like; but- but reject not the fragrance within it the fragrance of Pratap—Pratap the very embodimen[t] of heroism, self-sacrifice, patriotism, firm-determina tion, Dharma and freedom.

There are heroes and history is filled with them but Pratap ranks and ranks highest amongst them all for he fought not for himself but for Himself. Hi[s] conquests lie not without but within. Without i[s] mortal but within is immortal. Pratap! Pratap! thu[s] thy glory is immortal; and to thee, conqueror of th[e] conquerors, king of the kings and the greatest of th[e] great, I bow.

I am indebted to ye, all great scholars and savants— both of the Past and the Present, the East and th[e]

West—who have expressed your views on this mighty son of humanity, as well as, to ye, who have done so on this humble work. Your views are given here in the Appendices. These views—these threads—will too last for ever, for they are woven in the velvet crimson of Pratap the Great.

My special thanks are due to His Highness Maharajadhiraj Maharana, Shree Sir Bhupal Singhji Bahadur G. C. S. I., K. C. I. E., of Udaipur for very graciously patronising and accepting the Dedication of this book, Pratap the Great.

Their Highnesses the Maharawal Shree Lakshman Singhji Bahadur K. C. S. I., of Dungarpur and Lt. Maharaj Rana Shree Rajendra Singhji Bahadur of Jhalawar too deserve my thanks for their kindly appreciating and encouraging this most humble work.

I am also very highly in gratitude to the Hon'ble Col. Sir George Drummond Ogilvie, K. C. I. E., C. S. I., I. A., Agent to the Governor General in Rajputana and Lt. Colonel G.L. Betham Resident in Mewar and Political Agent Southern Rajputana States, for their very kindly being august sponsors of this poetic composition.

Prof. Amarnath Jha M. A., deserves thanks, not only from me, but also from all lovers of hero-worship, for his very scholarly writing FOREWORD to this work of hero-worship.

Friends ! I thank you too; for it was your oft-repeated word "Poet" that kept the poet within me always active. You all have watered this plant with your water of love and now, time has come to enjoy the fruits. Have them. Lo ! they are yours.

Mammon, You Mammon !! You have troubled me a lot. Your troubles are not confined to me alone; but you have the same adverse relations with nearly all the adventurers in the realm of literature. Their works, their life-blood, remain unpublished for a long time-Oh ! even sometimes unto their deaths, for the sole reason that you are not pleased with them. You deserve no thanks; but I thank you too, with the hope that you will have, in future, better relations with this class of people, who may very easily be called as the builders of Nations Adieu.

Last but not in the least I can not close this without thanking B. Mathura Prasadji Shivahare and my friend Mr. D. V. Shivahare for the great interest and enthusiasm they have taken in getting this book out in such an up-to-date get-up and in the latest style.

Pratap Jayanti,
11-6-'37.

H. S. MORDIA.

HERO-WORSHIP.

A people

Which take no pride

In the noble achievements

Of remote ancestors,

Will never achieve anything

Worthy to be remembered,

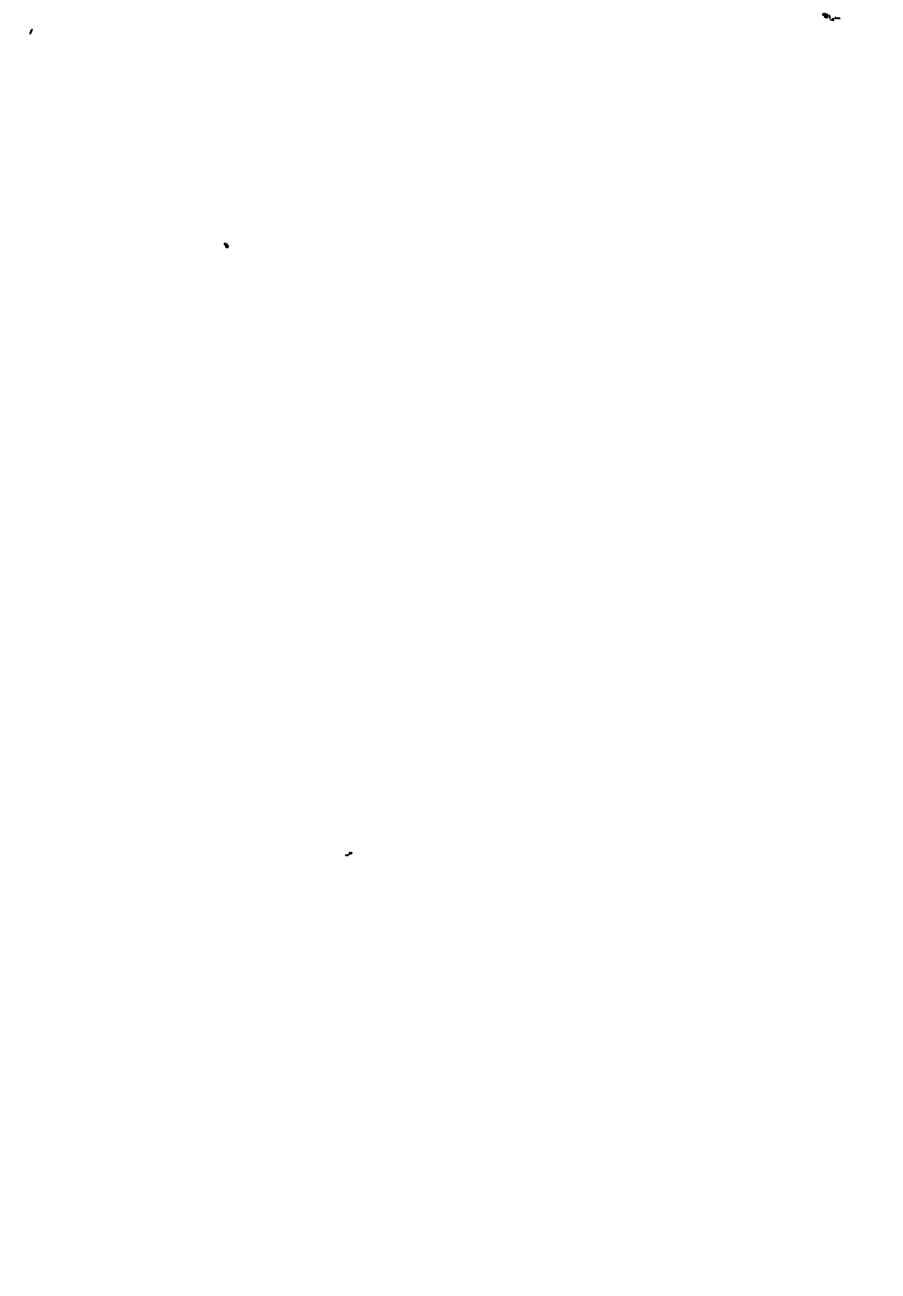
With pride,

By remote descendents.

—Lord Macaulay.

Pratap the Great

Pratap The Great.

CONTENTS.

"PRATAP THE GREAT"

MOTHER MEWAR—THE LAND OF PRATAP.

I

WE bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!
O Nature's beautiful Star!
O heroic land of war!
We bow to thee
O great and glorious Mewar!
Mewar—the land of Pratap-
Pratap the king of
The Sun-got clan;
Viceroy of Shive
Born of great Rama's seed
And far above his life
Who valued his faith and' creed.

II

WE bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!
O Nature's beautiful star!
O heroic land of war!
We bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!
Mewar—the land of Pratap
Pratap—the king of
The Sun-got clan
Descendent of Rama
Viceroy of Shive
Saint of great Bappa's Seed
And far above his life
Who valued his faith and creed.

III

O mother! O mother!
O beloved mother!
O mother of the great
And the wise!
Of heroes and heroines!
Of scholars and sages!
Of Bappa and Patta!
Of Padmini and Mira!
Of Shakta and Chunda!
Of Panna and Krishna!
Of Jaimal and Jhala!
Of Gorha and Badal!
Of Khumbha and Karana!
Of Khuman and Raj!
Of Hamir and Hadi!

IV

OF Bhim and Bhama!
Of Jagat and Bhupal!
Of Sanga and Fatta!
Of Muni and Mehta!
Of Charans and Chauhans!
O mother! O mother!
O mother of many other unknown
Warriors of courage rare!
We bow to thee
O great and glorious Mewar!
O queen of our hearts!
O brave land of Pratap!
We bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!

V

THESE thy sons and daughters
O mother matchless!
Hymned by beings angelic
And in chorus calm
Are singing to the world abroad
Thy glory glorious
Ha! the stirring tale
That thou hast endured
For myriad years
And is ready to endure more,
For thy faith and creed,
For which even stand
Thy plant and bushes-seed
We bow to thee
O Great and glorious Mewar!

VI

O mother! O mother!
O blessed mother!
O mother of the thousand Satis!
Who rivals thee in glory
Whose daughters and darlings
Have so cheerfully embraced death
With their open breasts
Proclaiming aloud!
"Be heroes, be heroes,
Ye all young and old
To fight the battle of life,
With courage rare
Keeping ever precious your pair."
Such mother! O precious!
We bow to thee
O great and glorious Mewar!
O fairy land of patriotic Pratap!

VII

O mother! O mother!
O ever shining mother!
Irradiant with deathless glory
Still burns brightly
Within thy bosom the fire
The fire that brought to birth
Honour-drunken kings
And warriors dauntless
In the delightful days of yore,
All renowned by chivalry
In the golden pages of history.
O such mother of fame historic
We bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!
O heroic land of war!
O play ground of patriotic Pratap.

VIII

O mother! O mother!
O dearer than life!
O sweeter than love!
O softer than pollen lotus!
O fairer and lovelier too!
O queen of our hearts!
O crown of our heads!
O light of our lamps!
O sight of our sights!
We bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!
O Nature's beautiful star!
O heroic land of war!
We bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!

IX

O mother! O mother!
O mother marvellous!
O land of the Lord!
The symbol of thine
Inner ecstasy!
Thy barley and maize fields
Are dearer far to us
Than Indra's fadeless gardens
Where Kalap trees blossom.
    Thy azure air
    And water pure
Are our nectar and ambrosia
O mother! O mother sweet!
    We bow to thee
    Great and glorious Mewar!
    O brave land of brave Pratap!
    We bow to thee
    Great and glorious Mewar!

X

O mother! O mother!
O most beautiful amongst
The beauties of the world!
Thy Jagmandir and Jagnivas,
Thy Jai and Rajsamundra,
Thy Udeha and Fatehasagar,
Thy Aravalli hills and hillocks,
Thy Mandal and Khumalgarghs
All these and others—all thy beauty
Spots O mother! are the living boons
To the world abroad.
O blessed mother of such boons!
We bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!
O heroic land of heroic Pratap!

XI

O mother! O mother!
O ever inspiring mother!
O mother, be sure
Toiling and earning
Day and night
Our souls are ever linked to thee.
Thine is our love
And all that is ours
Till eternity, O mother eternal?
    We bow to thee
    Great and glorious Mewar!
    O heroic land of war!
    O Nature's beautiful star!
    We bow to thee
    Great and glorious Mewar!

XII

WE bow to thee!
To thee, O mother!
We bow to thee!
O war-battered land
Of bluish hills!
Of turquoise lakes!
Of richest vales!
Of martyr-stained plains!
And of Freedoms fairy abode!
We bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!
Mewar—the land of Pratap-
Pratap the king of Sun-got clan
The viceroy of Shive
Born of great Bappa's seed
Who valued above his life
His faith and creed.

XIII

O *mother! O mother!*
O mother of the mighty!
And the brave!
Now freed from the troubles
And tyrannies of war
On Earth's fair limbs
You seem oft to lie
To lie and dream
The dreams of the roseate future,
While your foes furious
Are all to powder crushed.
O mother! O victorious mother!
We bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!
O heroic land of war!
We bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!
Great and glorious Mewar!

XIV

O mother! O mother!
O mother! thy sheeny sword
Is dimly rusted,
Thy burnished shield
Is coolly encrusted,
And thy Sun-faced banner
Is keenly furled.
O mother of charms like these!
We bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!
O land of pure arms
And pure armaments!
O land of pure aims!
We bow to thee
O heroic, land of heroic Pratap!

XV

O mother! O mother Divine!
O mother of the sacred shrines!
O shrines of Shree
Shrines! O shrines of Shree
Ekling and Rishabh!
Shree Nath and Charbhuj!
Shree Amba and Ambalika!
Thus within thy bosom O mother!
O mother! the lord's magic lies
The magic of renascent youth
O mother of such magic!
We bow to thee
Great and gloriuos Mewar!
Mewar! Mewar!
Great and glorious Mewar!
Mewar—the seat of Toleration
Liberalism and Simplicity
We bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!

XVI

O mother! O mother Divine!
Awake! Awake!! Awake!!!.
Awake and arise O mother!
With folded hands,
Up-turned eyes,
We implore thee, O mother!
O mother of hero-kings!
O mother of heroine-queens!
O mother of all heroes and heroines!
We are loyal to them
And loving to thee O mother!
Bless us O mother!
With blessings pure!
"Let Pratap be born again".
Ah! our hero, our hero!
We bow to thee
Great and glorious Mewar!

XVII

PRATAP THE GREAT

WHO knows not Pratap
　　Our Pratap the mighty,
The ideal hero
　　In world's history,
The lord of freedom
　　Power and piety;'
Who stood unbent
　　Before Akbar's might?

XVIII

MIGHT that was strongest
In men, money and opportunities.
Of any Emperor
Of the then world!
Of the then world—
World which produced
The finest specimen of kingship
Both in the East and the West?

XIX

WHO knows not Pratap—
    The Sun of the Sun-got clan—
The very example of
    Living endurance,
Tenacious perseverance,
    Indomitable courage,
Firm determination and of the
    Most pure and spotless character—
A rare combination to be found
    In the history of the world?

XX

WHO knows not Pratap
    Pratap-the saviour of Mirza's harem
And even the life of Man –
    Man, the Prince of Amber
Who was even eager to ensnare
    The life of Pratap,
In the golden net, to catch the
    Royal birds, by Akbar,
O so beautifully set?

XXI

O see and see again
    Who knows not Pratap,
Pratap the very pattern
    And pivot of patriotism,
The light of the Lord's
    Most luminous world,
The finest flower of the
    Finest Rajput chivalry?

XXII

WHO knows not Pratap
Ptatap-the crown-gem of Chittore,
Chittore-the nursery of heroes
And heroines, of Jabas and Johars.
Chittore, though wounded and pierced,
Yet unsullied and unbent
Before the Peacock Throne
The Broker-king?

XXIII

WHO knows not, I inquire again,
  Pratap the Great?
O hark! O hear!
  Righteous was his cause
Dharma was his bolt;
  He blew the conch
Of awakening
  And freedom's flag unfurled!

XXIV

WHO knows not
His fleet-footed Chetak,
The heroic Chetak
The wonder of the age,
Who saved his master's life
At the famous historic Ghat
And got his name written
On history's golden page?

XXV

WHO knows not
    His sharp two-edged sword,
The sword of Shakti,
    Made by Visvhakarama,
The Cylops of the gods,
    The sword of doom,
Which carried death
    And devastation in its hilt?

XXVI

WHO knows not his Bhamasha
    The precious prince of wealth,
The saviour of Mewar
    And the goal of the great,
The infuser of life
    Vigour and health,
In the weakened veins
    Of the weary men of weight?

XXVII

I inquire again, who knows not,
Who knows not the Dewan,
The Sun of Hindoos,
And the shield of the cows,
The saint of sacrifice,
And the soldier of liberty,
Perfect in chivalry
And the rigid observer of his vows?

XXVIII

"REST I will not on couch
Save that of stones and straws.
Eat I will not in gold and
Silver cups save that of twisted
Leaves and roots.
Sound I will not martial Nakkaras
Save in the rear and keep untouched
My hair and beard till I regain not
My beloved motherland".

XXIX

WHO knows not Pratap—
Pratap who moved not an inch
Even though given the highest trial of life
The trial of cold, hunger and thirst,
Not to him alone; but to his family too;
Children crying for bread—
A piece of mixed bread,
That too even taken away by a cat?

XXX

WHO knows not Pratap—Pratap
Who though dying,
But kept the death in his hands.
" Why Sire this agony "
When inquired by Salumbar,
Who spoke in voice though calm but firm,
" I want promise before I die-a promise
To continue the fight un-to-death
The fight for the motherland."

XXXI

WHO knows not Pratap-Pratap
    The spark of which sprung,
O sprung in the South
    And we saw Shivaji—Shivaji!
Pratap—a spark of which sprung
    O sprung in the North,
And we saw Guru Govind, O Guru Govind!—
    Both the very incarnates of his life.

XXXII

WHO knows not Pratap—Pratap
The scent of which was smelled
O smelled and smelled in the East
From the flower the Roy.
Pratap, the spirit of which was seen
O seen and seen in the West
O throbbing in the heart of Durga! Durga!
Both the very lustres of his light?

XXXIII

WHO knows not Pratap
Pratap—the founder of Udaipur
Udaipur—"The City of Sun-rise"
"The Venice of India",
"The elfin-grot of dreamland"
Where stroll singingly,
Even to this day, goddesses
Liberty and Dharama,
O hand in hand?

XXXIV

WHO knows not Pratap—
Pratap—Pratap! Pratap that is
Sitting in the centre see!
On the yonder Throne of Light,
Conversing with Akbar and Asoka,
King Elfred and Fredrick,
Napoleon and Alexander,
Wellington and Washington—all
All these great heroes of the world?

XXXV

MY Muse! sing not praises
    For praises are vile,
Utter no words,
    For words are weak.
We all know Pratap the Great,
    Lo, to him we bow,
In golden silence
    As speech is silvern.

XXXVI

BUT sire! tell us
Why you talk of Patta here?
What Message has he
To free us from fear?
O sing on, sing on,
Is he a nation-builder,
Or indeed the moulder
Of India's future?

XXXVII

STOP thy rhythmic flow
Of words, O bard!
To hear his Message
And proclaim it aloud!
"Be fast unto Dharma
And God will be on thy side."
Thus spake the mystic voice from high,
And silence reigned.

XXXVIII

PRATAP—the light that blazed
    In the pitch dark of Adharama!
Pratap—the invincible Sun
    That dimmed Akbar's radiance,
Pratap—the Sun of destiny
    Who saved even Liberalism,
We bow to thee
    O peerless Prince of Warriors!

XXXIX

PRATAP—the guiding light of
    Of every human heart,
From this world's theatre
    Can never part!
For he is the symbol
    Of Piety and Patience
And hero of hundred battles,
    To guide us on Dharama's path.

XL

HIS name is fame, and
His thought is action.
Streams of pilgrims
Hail from distant lands
For his worship. See!
His Haldighat's hallowed dust
Has become the halo of our heads,
And the heaven of our hearts.

XLI

PATTA! the time has come!
    For thee to come!
Come! Come! Come O lord!
    O firm in fight come!
We are here with
    Folded-hands to see thee come!
Come! Come O lord of Mewar!
    Come! Come!! Come!!!

XLII

"COME I will, doubt not"
 But why are you so pale,
First tell me, ye youths,
 Your tale of woes?
I want warriors
 And not wavering hearts,
I want sincere souls
 And not fools and flunkeys."

XLIII

WHO can win the fight of freedom,
  Of freedom with false alarms?
Akbar tried, but failed
  To enter my inner walls.
He was great,
  And great deeds he achieved;
But victory true is victory
  Of heart. Remember!

XLIV

"RING out, ring out the strains
Of thee and me,
Of ease and indolence,
Live up to your ideals high,
Stoop not low. Be apostles of truth,
Up-holders of honour,
Spurn not poverty, and
Victory will be your handmaid."

XLV

"I am not far away
This you must carefully see!
I was like you,
With the same divine spark in me.
What I did was to know the right
And use my power aright,
Keeping my God and Country,
Far—far above my life."

XLVI

UNSHAKEN was my faith
  In Shree Eklingji,
Who appeared as "Jhala and Shakta"
  As "Purohit and Pirthvi" who
With his hands mysterious,
  And ever patted me,
To bear with cheer, hunger and thirst
  Exile and even death, and crowned
My life with fame undying."

XLVII

"DAY and night I watch
 Over your Destiny!
Ye brave youths of this brave land!
 I send you greetings heartfelt,
From beyond the boarder of heaven,
 Where the gods remain ready
To welcome the martyr-
 The martyr of the motherland!"

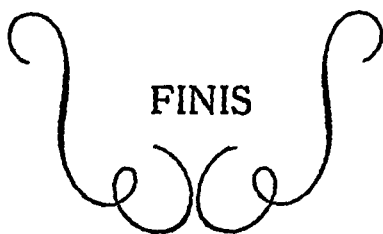
XLVIII

"MY greetings heartfelt
Ye brave youths of this brave lan[d]
Remember! my message, my message, [y]
youths!
Be fast unto Dharama
And God will be on thy side.
Be ever true in thought, word and deed,
Eschew lewdness and greed,
And doubt not your strength,
The world to lead, to lead again
to higher heights
And greater glory".

XLIX

THANKS—thanks O Pratap!
Thanks for your this timely advice,
Advice, admonitions and instructions,
Given to us with so benign a love.
We have known to-day, O Pratap !
The sweet secret of thy life-
The life lived before the eyes of all
And the life worthy to be loved.

L

WE bow to thee!
    To thee O Pratap!
We bow to thee!
    O light of our hearts!
O glorious son of the glorious Mewar!
    Mewar—the heart of India-
India—the throbbing soul of the world.
    Ah! the soul of the world!
We bow to thee!
    To thee O Pratap!
We bow to thee!

APPENDIX A.

QUOTATIONS.

Prithvi Raj Rathore of Bikaner—the great and powerful poet cavalier of the court of Akbar—the one of the most gallant chieftains of the age and the best bardic poet of his time.

"Akbar is the broker in the market of our race, all has he purchased but the son of Udha, he is beyond his price. What true Rajput would part with honour of nine days (Noroza), yet how many have bartered it away? Will Chittore come to this market, when all have disposed of the chief article of the Kshatri? Though Patta has squandered away wealth, yet this treasure has he preserved Despair has driven away to this mart to witness their dishonour from such infamy the descendent of Hamir alone has been preserved The world asks whence the concealed aid of Pratap? None but the soul of manliness and his sword, with it, well has he maintained the Kshatria's pride This broker in the market of men will one day be over-reached, he can not live for ever. then will our race come to Pratap for the seed of the Rajput to sow in our desolate lands. To him all look for its preservation, that its purity may again become resplendent"

Khan Khanan—the well known poet of the court of Akbar.

"All is unstable in this world, land and wealth will disappear, but the virtues of great name live for ever. Pratap abandoned wealth and land but never bowed the head, alone of all the princes of Hind, he preserved the honour of his race".

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6483

Dursa Ada—the great Charan poet who adored the court of Akbar.

"Oh' Akbar ! Do not pride yourself on having reduced all princes to the status of servants Has any one ever seen the Diwan (Pratap), offering obeisance at the royal bars ?"

"In thy fathomless ocean oh Akbar ! the Hindus and Mussalmans all are sunk, but Pratap the Great, the lord of Mewar alone is shinning on the surface like a lotus flower."

Col. James Tod—the well known author of "Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan."

"It is worthy of the attention of those who influence the destinies of states in more favoured climes, to estimate the intensity of feeling which could arm this prince to oppose the resources of a small principality against the then most powerful empire of the world, whose armies were more numerous and far more efficient than any ever led by Persian against the liberties of Greece Had Mewar possessed her Thucydides or her Xenophon, neither the wars of the Peloponnesus nor the retreat of the" ten thousand" would have yielded more diversified incidents for the historic muse, than the deeds of this brilliant reign amid the many vicissitudes of Mewar. Undaunted heroism, inflexible fortitude that which "keeps honour bright", perseverence—with fidelity such as no nation can boast, were the materials opposed to a soaring ambition, commanding talents, unlimited means, and fervour of religious zeal, all, however, insufficient to content with unconquerable mind There is not a pass in the Alpine Aravalli that is not sanctified by some deed of Pratap, some brilliant victory or oftener, more glorious defeat. Haldi Ghat is the Thermopolæ of Mewar, the field of Deweir her Marathon "

H. E. Lord Hardinge—the former Viceroy and the Governor-General of India.

"The beauties of nature with which this country is so richly endowed would appeal to the most unappreciated, and the history of the State and monuments of Chittore and at Udaipur must inspire reverence in every one who can venerate brave deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice performed by gallant men and noble ladies in the defence of their homes and their honour. The names of Bappa Rawal, the founder of His Highness' dynasty nearly 12,00 years ago, and of RANA PRATAP, His Highness' illustrious predecessor, are household words throughout India and are known even among many people who have never come to this great continent They have raised high the name of Mewar and shed lustre on the chief who sits upon its Gaddee."

H. E. Lord Chelmsford—the former Viceroy and the Governor-General of India.

"Ever since my arrival in India it has been my eager desire to visit Udaipur, the home of the premier chief of Rajputana, the land of beautiful lakes and palaces, the scene of so many glorious deeds of chivalry in the past, the birth place of so many heroes—Khoman, Hamir, Chunda, Khumbha PRATAP, Raj Singh, to mention only a few These are names of which any nation and any age might be proud of"

Mahatma Gandhi.

"If we would remember Pratap we must copy Pratap's sacrifices and heroism"

Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru.

"May the memory of splendid deeds of Rana Pratap inspire India's youths to gallant effort and high endeavour"

Lala Lajpat Rai—"The Lion of the Punjab".

"I consider Maharana Pratap to be one of the greatest heroes of India and one of whose memory ought to be cherished and kept green by every Indian and specially by Hindoos "

Sadhu T. L. Vaswani—the messanger of the new Age.

"What a joy and privilege to come to the land of Mira,—one of the greatest saints,—and the land of Maharana Pratap,—one of the greatest heroes of history "

M. R. Jaykar. M.A., LL.B., Bar-at-Law. M. L. A.

"The life of this great hero ought to be great incentive to us in our exertion to acquire freedom for our country."

"Pratap Singh" by S C. Mitra and D N. Ghosh M A.

"In the records of Udaipur the name of Pratap Singh stands out as the greatest of all her chiefs. Not only Mewar or Rajputana, or even India, but any country in any age and in any part of the world, might feel proud of heroes like Pratap and his ancestors.

"Maharana Pratap" by Dr. Ishwari Prasad, M A , D. Litt.

"The history of Rajputs is full of the deeds of the noble heroism and sacrifice, but the idealism of Rana Pratap is still a living force. An exile from his native land for the greater part of life, a sufferer who preferred death to dishonour, Rana Pratap battled all his life for the freedom of his 'La Patrie'. What Rajput is there whose heart is not elevated by the noble example of Pratap ?...With India's renaissance and the urge for freedom a new interest has been awakened in Rana Pratap's achievements and it will not, therefore, be out of place to emphasise the lesson which his life so forcefully teaches us.

Pratap embodied in his person the spirit of Rajput freedom. Rana Pratap's is a name to conjure with in history He was a patriot among patriots, a man among men, a hero among heroes in whom Rajput chivalry had reached its high water-mark His heroic exploits his reverses, and his sufferings have all invested his career with a halo of martyrdom which shines undimmed even to this day Poets have sung of his noble deeds, the bards have woven legends around his name, and the Muse of history has often been called upon to describe in stirring language the achievements of this great Sishodia, Maharana Pratap"

"Glories of Rajasthan" by P. Shreedharlal B.A., Bar-at Law.

"He was the incarnation of patriotism. Zeal for his native land and a burning desire for freedom reached their culminating expression in Pratap He could bear unspeakable hardships He was often long without food Rugged rocks were his throne, the shady branches of trees were his royal umbrella and the height of his luxury was an occassional draught of cooling breeze Inspite of all he refused to yield an inch of his hereditary jungles and mountains to the foe"

"Under the Sun" by Percival Landon.

Udaipur stands alone and unrivalled in India by virtue of India's most characteristic and iron-bound law Were free election to be made tomorrow among the native competitors for the kingship of India, no one would dare stand against the Maharana of Udaipur."

APPENDIX B.

Appreciation and Opinions on "Pratap the Great"

Sir Jadunath Sarkar, Kt. C.I.E., M.L.C. Ex—Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University.

He has left no message except the example of his life. There can not be any stronger message than such a life lived before the eyes of all and left as an example that nothing is greater than a true man in the entire Universe Pratap's indomitable character stood triumphant against poverty, hardship, the desolation of his home-land, the superior army and military organisation of his enemies and even disloyalty to the motherland on the part of other Rajputs The true hero stands like a rock assailed by raging billows, but it stands like adamants Such a human rock was Pratap His career and memory form his most inspiring monument We do not know his features correctly, but history has made him a hero, whom we had seen from the first day when we could read. India needs men and not words. The true servant of his country does more good and he is remembered much longer than sensation-loving and self-seeking leaders.

Pratap was 'a hero as king', a father of his people and an abiding monument of Hindu greatness

Miss H. Florence Skinner, Dulwhich, England.

It is a most inspiring poem and one feels the book should have its place on everyone s book-shelf, not amongst the forgotten

books' but amongst the much read and favourite volumes both in the East and the West.

Rai Bahadur. M. Pandit Gauri Shanker H. Ojha, M. R. A. S., Ajmer.

Maharana Pratap is a highly celebrated figure in history He combines in him the best elements of Rajput chivalry, with the noblest ideals of Hindu kingship A real hero of indomitable courage and self-less patriotism, he had set before the world a very noble example by his own life in which he faced unbent the entire might of the great Moghal Empire Every country or nation would be poor in absence of such noble sons of motherland, as Maharana Pratap really was For centuries the Indian people, nay, every civilized nation on earth, will have good reason to feel proud of and pay homage to, the memory of this great Rajput hero king No tribute however great, is commensurate with the greatness of Pratap Mr. H. S Mordia deserves congratulations on his effort to venerate the memory of this great son of India in a fitting manner by the elegant composition of his English poem "Pratap the Great"

Principal P. Seshadri. M.A., Government College, Ajmer.

This is to congratulate you on your attempt at the commemoration of one of the most highly praised memories of Indian History Not only Rajputana but all India would be poorer without the inspiration of Maharana Pratap

Diwan Bhadur Har Bilas Sarda B .A., Ex-M. L. A.,—Ajmer.

Maharana Pratap is a unique figure in Rajput History He was a hero in every sense of the term He was a great sovereign, a great warrior and a great patriot Rajputana is proud of him.

His life is a beacon light to guide, the highest as well as the lowest Indian in the dismal sea of Indian degeneration as it will be in the oyous times of Indian regeneration.

Mr. Mordia sings the glories of Pratap in verse in a foreign tongue His love of the great monarch and pride in his great deeds, are shared by all in Rajputana

Dr. M. J. Dane M. A., Ph. D., D. Litt. etc. Senior Professor of English, Ramjas College, Delhi.

I have gone through the entire poem and I believe Mr. Mordia has rendered distinct service both to the literature and the people of Mewar by this praise-worthy attempt of his, at the commemoration of the heroic deeds of an all India hero 'Maharana Pratap' in unforgettable verse

Dr. Maharajkumer Regubir Singhji, M. A., LL. B., D. Litt. of Sitamau, C. I.

It is a matter of genuine pleasure to hear that you are publishing a volume of English verses on the great Pratap That great fighter has inspired many a great poet in the past. Even that great dramatist of Bengal, Shree Dwijendra Lal Roy could not help writing a drama about him, and it is but natural that at a time when India is seeing the rebirth of a great nation, the home of that great fighter will begin to remember him and once again sing of its great hero. India has always adored and worshipped its heroes and the Rajput have always prided in the deeds of their great leaders It is but in the fitness of things that another wreath of laurels be laid on the altar of his memory and a tribute to be paid to his great fight, his undaunted courage and his unceasing opposition, by a son of his own 'beloved Mewar'

Dr. Mohan Sinha Mehta, M. A., LL. B., Ph. D., Bar-at-law.
Vidhyabhavan, Udaipur.

A halo of romance surrounds the name of Rana Pratap His life and example have had great inspirational value He carried on a grim struggle against a very powerful foreign adversary, facing all manner of hardships in order that national self-respect and the independence of his State could be preserved He has received a reverence from his countrymen which greater kings and abler statesmen than he might well envy It was not his personal achievement that has brought such fame to Pratap He rules over the hearts of his people and continues to inspire hero-worship in the youths by his attitude on life, of putting higher value on moral than on material side of life

It is not at all surprising, therefore, that people gifted with imagination and filled with patriotic fervour should sing of the deeds and virtues of Pratap It is also natural that a Mewari takes greater pride in Pratap than another Indian

I hope Mr. Mordia's composition will have inspirational value. Just as in judging Pratap's life and achievements we do not go by cold comparisons of history so also one should not be too critical of such devotional compositions as are inspired with a sense of hero-worship

It is with feeling of affectionate and sympathetic appreciation that I read Mr Mordia's lines in praise of Pratap. I am not qualified to evaluate poetic or literary works As a layman and born in Mewar and living in an age when Indian national self-respect is reasserting itself, I venture to hope that Mr. Mordia's account of Pratap's life will be widely appreciated

Dr. Asirvadilal Shrivastva, M. A., B. A., (Hon.), Ph. D. Prof. of History, Donger College, Bikaner.

Your poem on Pratap is good It is inspired by the genuine love and reverence for the great hero and is the spontaneous outpour of the feelings of a devotee and a hero worshipper Pratap richly deserves it, and even more for it is difficult to find across the pages of history an equally great soldier of liberty, scorning all the worldly riches and comforts, dominion and pomp, in the pursuit of that one ennobling ideal, liberty, liberty, and nothing but liberty

K. M. Munshi B. A., LL. B., Advocate, Bombay.

Your poem to hand I have read with greatest delight your just *homage to* Rana Pratap, one of the noblest and heroic characters in human history. I have no doubt your composition will interest a large number of readers

S. S. L. Chordia M.A., Prof. of English, Morris College, Nagpur.

Pratap—the glory of Rajasthan, is undoubtedly one of the greatest heroes of the world history His life of heroic idealism and his burning love of liberty are a source of inspiration to all who have read of his achievements in the pages of Tod's "Annals of Rajasthan" Mr Mordia's attempt to narrate the warrior king's golden deeds in his verse is praiseworthy

Kulvent Rai M.A., Rai Sahib, Director of the Public Instruction, Mewar Govt. Udaipur.

It is a soul-inspiring piece of work and I think every Indian must read it. The book inspires a new sense of. patriotism and revives the love of one's country in the readers' mind I congratulate Mr. Mordia on this excellent production

Principal S. C. Bose M. Sc. Maharana's College Udaipur.

I have gone through Mr. H S Mordia's "Pratap, the Great" with great delight and have found the poem very interesting The prowess exhibited by Pratap, the greatest hero of Mediæval India, at once in indomitable and invincible, justifies the etymological meaning of the immortal name. To worship a great hero, is a sacred duty and Mr. Mordia has performed it in an admirable way by bringing forth these beautiful lines so pregnant with vivacity and sweetness. The style is very elegant and does credit to the young poet I congratulate Mr Mordia on his laudable attempt at depicting the life of one of the makers of Indian History in this soul-inspiring poem.

O. K. Mookerji, M.A., (Oxon) Prof. of English Language and Literature, Hindu College, Delhi.

The poem is a laudable attempt made by the young poet Mr Mordia The pages of Col. Tod's Rajasthan have been a prolific source of a number of dramas dealing with the immortal exploits of the Rajput heroes to a number of Bangalee Poets and Dramatists The story of Rana Pratap, Jasvent Sinha and of Durgadas and of a galaxy of others have been successfully dramatised and presented by the poet D L Roy, on the Bengali stage It is very encouraging to note that a young poet of Northern India has been roused to activities by the unique bravery and deeds of self-abnegation of Rana Pratap To rouse the dorment patriotism of our fellow countrymen and to stir in them the call for the country, young poets might very well resort to the narratives of Col. Tod. A large number of heroic themes culled from Tod's Annals and presented before our countrymen in good poetic garbs would be a sufficient refutation of Fisher's statement that patriotism in India is 'an exotic". I express my heartiest felicitations on the author's

noble attempts at trying to revive the glorious past of our Country The poem is aglow with the lambent fire of patriotism which inspired Rana Pratap so much. A galaxy of heroic stories gleaned from Tod's book and versified might be of immense help to inspire our countrymen with the fire of patriotic zeal at this juncture of our national history.

C.P. Goswami, M.A., Professor of English, Agra College, Agra.

The place of Maharana Pratap among the heroes of the world is unique His sacrifices for the sake of religion and country are unrivalled His great example is an inspiration to men who propose the path of righteousness, and his honoured name will always remain enshrined in the hearts of his grateful countrymen. A true Karama Yogi, his heroic virtues have won for him an ever lasting place among the heroes of history.

S. D. Jagdhari, M.A., Professor of English, Maharana's College, Udaipur.

Mr. H. S. Mordia deserves sincerest congratulations for attempting almost successfully an inspiring poem on the achievements of Maharana Pratap, who is perhaps the greatest figure that adorns the pages of Mediæval Indian History as an unbending fighter for liberty and independence. Like its subject the poem is heroic and many of its lines ring with martial music stirring their readers to action At places the writer's imagery reaches wonderful heights and well supported by his telling similies and metaphors transport one to the land and days of Pratap. Mr. Mordia rightly regards Pratap's glorious struggle as inspired by his zeal and determination to follow the thorny path of "Dharama", which should serve as an eye-opener to the modern devotees of the same much abused deity. The poem is well worthy of a perusal by all lovers of poetry and particularly by the youths of our country for whom it is pregnant with immense possibilities of inspiration.

S.S. Kulsraista. M.A., LL.B., B. Com., Prof. M. College, Udaipur.

So long hero-worship is practiced in this country—nay in the world, the fair and glorious name of Pratap will continue to inspire in us the lessons of freedom and national pride

The same love, the same inspiration and the same fervour for Maharana Pratap which pervaded the minds of the poets of yore has, it appears, provided an urge in this young poet's mind to wrought into form some exploits of the hero which shine brightest in the chequered page of the annals of this country I heartily congratulate Mr Mordia for the truth in which the following pages excel I feel confident that the perfume of this lovely flower which provides music in words and inspiratton to the soul will not only be confined to the realms of this country, but its aroma will sojourn abroad This budding poet has given the choicest thoughts in the choicest words that he could think of, which I hope will be read with great delight and appreciation by those for whom they are intended Such attempts which on every page bristle with episodes of Indian heroism need encourgement

Mr. Ran Bahadur Sinha M. A., Head Master, Bhupal Nobles' High School, Udaipur.

It is short but inspiring poem. I was delighted to read it I congratulate the young poet for his laudable attempt. Maharana Pratap is a great name and has been a theme of many books in recent times India owes him much His indomitable will, his burning patriotism, his steadfast devotion to traditions and above all, his boundless patience in adversity have inspired many a youth to noble actions and will continue to do so for all times to come Pratap was not a great conqueror, as a matter of fact, he was no conqueror at all, he was also not a great king ruling over extensive dominions, yet he was a conqueror of conquerors and ruler of rulers, for were

not Akbar's plans of mighty conquest foiled in the hills of Mewar and *does not Pratap rule every patriotic Hindu heart ?*

History has yet to learn his greatness Pratap was born at a time when Hindus after centuries of Muslim rule, had lost the instinct of leadership There were able men among them—great financiers and generals, great painters and poets, great architects and engineers but their political leaders had cultivated an inferiority complex, which made them shine, if at all, only as satallites. Pratap was a great self-effulgent luminary, whose brilliance woke up the feelings of self-confidence and self-assertion in the Hindus. His defiance of the great Moghal, through an historical fact of minor importance, was a signal Hindu revival and Hindu regeneration, the importance of which can not be over-estimated The poet, therefore, rightly claims Pratap to have been the forerunner of Shivaji and others who stood for freedom and honour It should be noted that Pratap had to deal with the flowing tide of Muslim conquest when the Empire pulsated with fresh blood and vigour under Akbar the Great, but Shivaji had the good luck of facing the same Empire when tottering to its fall and so only helped to hasten the ebb.

Great men have been known to shine in their victories—Napoleon shone at Austerlitz, Wellington at Waterloo and Clive at Plassey—but Pratap singularly shines in his defeat at Haldighat and with a far more greater brilliance, when hunted by the Mughals, he seeks shelter in the deep recesses of the hills of Mewar. It is his life of adversity that is most appealing, most romantic and most fascinating and I should say most exalting.

It is no wonder, *therefore,* that this young poet pours forth his heart full of love, devotion, for Mewar's greatest hero in his song. I am sure the poem will be widely read throughout the country

Thakure Kishore Singh Barhat M. R. A. S. (London), the State Historian Patiala (Punjab).

Maharana Pratap the Great, the embodiment of Indian culture and glory, was not the pride of Rajput community alone, but of the whole Indian Nation He set a very high ideal of self-sacrificé and patriotism. His deeds of chivalry will remain a source of inspiration to both young and of all climes and ages He was not to be daunted by the adversity. ...No book so far published has done enough justice to the unique bravery and the other noble qualities of the hero A great credit is of course due to Col James Tod, the truest friend of Rajputana, who collected and preserved for us a very valuable material from which a good story of Maharana Pratap's life could be written But such a story yet remained to come This deficiency has very ably been supplied by my friend Mr H. S. Mordia, whose work 'Pratap the Great", gives in English verses an excellent account of the Maharana's life and deeds The work possesses both literary and historic values and is bound to receive a universal welcome, which it fully deserves

The Hon ble Sir Leonard W. Reynolds, K. C. I. E., C. I. E., Agents to the Governor General in Rajputana, Ajmer.

"... .He much appreciates your command of the English language "

—Homcock.